NATIONAL REVIEW

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June 7, 1958

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

Despair and De Gaulle

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

William Benton Tries a Comeback

WILLARD EDWARDS

Before You Say No...

ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH

Articles and Reviews by ..... GERHART NIEMEYER

FRANK CHODOROV · RUSSELL KIRK · M. STANTON EVANS

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For the Record

There is mounting congressional resentment at the difficulty of meeting with the President: he has granted special appointments to only fourteen of the 531 Senators and Representatives this session. Complaints have been heard from Rep. Preston (Georgia) who one day was refused an urgent request to discuss emergency air safety measures because the President's schedule was overcrowded—only to find that he had golfed through the afternoon—and from Rep. Powell (New York) who claims to have been after Eisenhower for a conference on school integration since September 18....Harold Stassen will be offered a federal judgeship, if he wants it.

The Red Chinese are mounting a propaganda campaign which would provide them cover for sending "volunteers" to Indonesia. Peiping charges daily that the U.S. has intervened in Indonesia's war, and implies that Red Chinese troops may be sent. Jakarta has carefully avoided charging U.S. intervention....Italy's general election showed a slight gain for the Christian Democrats, a slight gain for the combined Communists and Nenni Socialists. The Christian Democrats will thus continue to govern Italy; but we shall be hearing less about how Hungary hurt the Communists....Both Colombia and Brazil have been buying up surplus coffee from native growers. Exports of coffee are still restricted by both countries to support the price abroad. The result: both countries need foreign aid "desperately."

The CP is increasingly bold in distributing Red literature in the U. S. Advertisements now appear in some major U.S. newspapers offering "books, magazines from Peking, China," etc....A preliminary step toward the return of the United Front has been taken in New York: plans to put up a coalition ticket drawn from American Labor Party and Socialist Workers Party elements for this year's state election have been announced by such left-wing constants as Corliss Lamont, W. E. B. DuBois and Otto Nathan....Question of the week—any week: The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee report on the Norman case states that on the eve of his suicide Norman told a Cairo doctor he feared a Canadian Royal Commission inquiry, and that if he were called, he would have to implicate sixty or seventy Americans and Canadians. Who were they?

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The WEEK

● Incidental Intelligence: The "Constitution Room" in Stouffer's Restaurant on Fifth Avenue in New York City has been renamed the "Lamplight Room."

● Last week Radio Moscow blasted the Moslem religion—"a remnant of the past which the Soviet people have left far behind." Gamal Abdel Nasser has the unchallenged reputation of being a devout Moslem. Upon leaving for Moscow he told the press he was confident he would find full freedom of religion in the Soviet Union; and no doubt, having returned, he will report that, as expected, he found that freedom. Nasser may be an easily deceived tourist, but he is not an uneducated man, and must be presumed to know that Communism is doctrinally atheist. But perhaps he thinks, as a good many others do, that the death of Stalin ushered in a new Communist phase of doctrinal accommodation. Perhaps he feels that such blasts as Radio Moscow's are merely sound effects, sentimental repercussions coming in through the echo chambers of Marxist history, to embellish the pragmatic dogma of the new era. Or perhaps Nasser puts the assault on Islam out of mind altogether, the easiest recourse, surely, for a devout Moslem who has embraced an infidel. Or has Nasser, as political conductor, handed Allah a second fiddle?

● There are persistent rumors from Iron Curtain sources that the primary purpose of Egyptian Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser's lengthy visit to the Soviet Union has been to reach agreement with the Kremlin on the timing of a joint campaign against Israel. The first stage would be a demand by the United Arab Republic, backed publicly by the Soviet Union, that Israel should withdraw to the boundaries drawn by the United Nations in 1947. Nasser and Khrushchev figure they can count on the entire Arab world to line up together in any showdown against Israel. To provoke such a showdown would therefore seem to be the most effective way of smashing the Baghdad Pact and undercutting the position of currently pro-Western Arab nations.

● When a break occurs in the fabric of a nylon stocking, the "run" is instantaneous and unstoppable. Are we witnessing something comparable to this in all the lands once held by the old Turkish Empire? Must any attempts to halt the run come too little and too late? In Lebanon? In Algeria? We ask these questions without much hope that a good answer is available to anybody, anywhere. And it is no comfort whatsoever to think that the U.S., which effectively halted British and French attempts to solve the problem at the time of Suez, caused the break in the Middle East fabric in the first place.

● The Eisenhower Administration seems to be washing its hands of any responsibility in the Indonesian civil war. Mukarto Notowidigdo, Washington ambassador of the pro-Soviet, Communist-incorporating Sukarno government, professed himself well satisfied after an interview with Secretary of State John Foster Dulles last week. "I am definitely convinced that relations are improving," he complacently told reporters. As evidence he could have cited: 1) Mr. Dulles' new insistence that the civil war is "a purely Indonesian matter"; 2) the U.S. sale to Jakarta of 37,000 tons of rice for worthless local currency; 3) the U.S. agreement to ship immediately to Jakarta $1 million of small arms ammunition and automotive (*i.e.*, tank and armored car) parts; 4) renewed negotiations looking to the U.S. supplying of $400 million in weapons and material "to modernize the Indonesian army." Meanwhile the abandoned units of the anti-Communist, anti-totalitarian rebels continued a desperate but weakening resistance against Sukarno's Soviet-reinforced armies.

● Although food prices set a new high in the month of April, the Commissioner of Labor Statistics, Ewan Clague, thinks the general price index may have finally reached its peak. The Commissioner bases his opinion on the recent downward shift of prices for new automobiles, whisky, rugs, home heating fuel, gasoline, coal, television sets, tires and women's apparel, among other things. For ourselves, we wonder just how significantly prices can drop in a nation which is committed to handing at least one-third of its collective income over to federal and local governments as taxes. Taxes are inevitably paid out of production—which means that they are somebody's prices, somewhere. Furthermore, they *must* be an untouchable part of price just so long as they continue to exist. Doesn't this mean that the price index will remain close to its present peak until taxes are cut? Does Commissioner Clague have anything to say about that?

● Harold Stassen's defeat in the Pennsylvania gubernatorial primaries was not unexpected, nor were the reasons for it especially complicated. In the first place, "Eisenhower Republicans" have not been very popular of late anywhere. Secondly, Stassen had already had a career as governor—of Minnesota; a fact which dramatized his position as a late-comer, even an interloper, in Pennsylvania politics. He had not even lived in his adopted state since moving on from his job as head of the University of Pennsylvania to Washington, London and way stations. Despite

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these garden-variety reasons for the Stassen licking, however, we would like to think that Pennsylvania Republicans also rejected him for being our Number One Appeaser of the Soviet Union. Whatever it was that moved the voters to prefer a home-grown pretzel manufacturer to a Minnesota outlander, the Stassen defeat certainly proves there is no grassroots clamor for a deal with Khrushchev anywhere between the Delaware and the Monongahela Rivers. Or (since Pennsylvania is a representative community) anywhere else in the U.S.

● Once again a bill for the federal construction of school buildings (projected cost: $1.3 billion for three years) has been sidetracked in the House. Partisans of the bill are gnashing their teeth, but hardly because their failure to effect passage will have any impact on the level of U.S. education, which is languishing more from philosophical than from economic shortcomings. Representative Lee Metcalf, Montana Democrat, gave the show away when he remarked that school construction is desirable because it is "the best way to put people to work." There you have it: we must build schools to employ masons and carpenters, even as we "auto" buy autos not to ride around in but merely to keep steel workers busy making steel. So the Age of Secondary Objectives rolls on. One of these days news from Olympus will trickle through that all of the gods have died laughing.

● The average tax bite for 1958 on each and every citizen of the United States (man, woman and child) is estimated at $658.00. Whose welfare is the welfare state looking after?

● For the National Committee of the Communist Party U.S.A. the recession is sheer manna. It provides an excuse to dust off—after an embarrassingly long period of grossest irrelevancy—the standard slogans of vintage Marxism. This the CP has done in a pamphlet, "A People's Program for Jobs and Security!" (exclamation point theirs). Sample: Though "the specter of depression and unemployment can be banished only in a socialist America" (read: nothing of lasting validity can be done except by direct revolutionary action), certain palliative steps are in order. Let all good progressives support moves designed to 1) back "labor's demands for higher wages," 2) "boost taxes on top-bracket incomes and close all loopholes," 3) "defeat the anti-labor campaigns to impose 'right-to-work' laws"; and 4) agitate for "increased unemployment benefits, an extensive public works program, large-scale housing and school construction, and federal aid to distressed areas." Apropos the fact that the economic "situation calls for drastic spending" we are reminded that the money can always be got by cutting down on the defense program, easy to do since "arms production is pure waste," a millstone foisted upon us by "artificial war fears." "Far more could be accomplished" if arms spending were converted to "socially useful purposes" and if the "cold-war embargo on trade with the Soviet Union, People's China, and other socialist countries" were lifted.

Happy days are here again.

● Someone else who's at it again is Old Won't-Stick-to-His-Cello Pablo Casals, who joins Old Won't-Stick-to-His-Organ-and-Scalpel Albert Schweitzer in a plea for a "happier and more beautiful world" *via*—yup, suspension of nuclear tests, and getting the U.S. and Russia to "overlook temporary [!] political differences in the long range interests of mankind." But Casals is in for a little-one-upmanship with his comrade-in-no-arms: Schweitzer, he confided, once chided *him* for placing political feeling above music! Shame, say we, on the both of them—if the best political feeling they can manage must always end up, as it does, forwarding the purposes of USSR.

● Mr. Nehru, having taken deep thought about recent trends in the USSR, has announced he doesn't think "there is international Communism in any concrete or organized sense." Which for us raises the question whether, in a concrete and organized sense, there is any such thing as Mr. Nehru's brain.

Theme With Variations

The Ford Foundation has just announced a grant of $1.4 million to the John Hay Whitney Foundation.
—NEWS ITEM

"Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"
Who'd ever think the Whitneys
  Would have to ride in jitneys?

Call for Mr. Keynes
Depression? Recession?
  A moderate slump?
    When a Whitney must stand
    With his hat in his hand?—
It's a panic titanic—
  Start priming that pump!

Caste
The Lowells talked only to Cabots,
  And the Cabots to none but the Lord—
A pish and a tosh for such Babbitts:
  The Whitneys can get it from Ford!

MORRIE RYSKIND

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Little Brother Against Big Brother?

The decision as to whether there will be civil war in France is in the hands of the Communist Party—that is, of the Kremlin. That decision will be made on the basis of cold strategic calculations relating to the future both of French politics and of the third world war. And it will not be affected in the slightest by current American misapprehensions—or misrepresentations—about the situation in France, which have tended to conceal at least four major points:

1. The issues at stake in France, entirely apart from questions of governmental forms, are of the deep and divisive kind that do in fact produce civil wars.

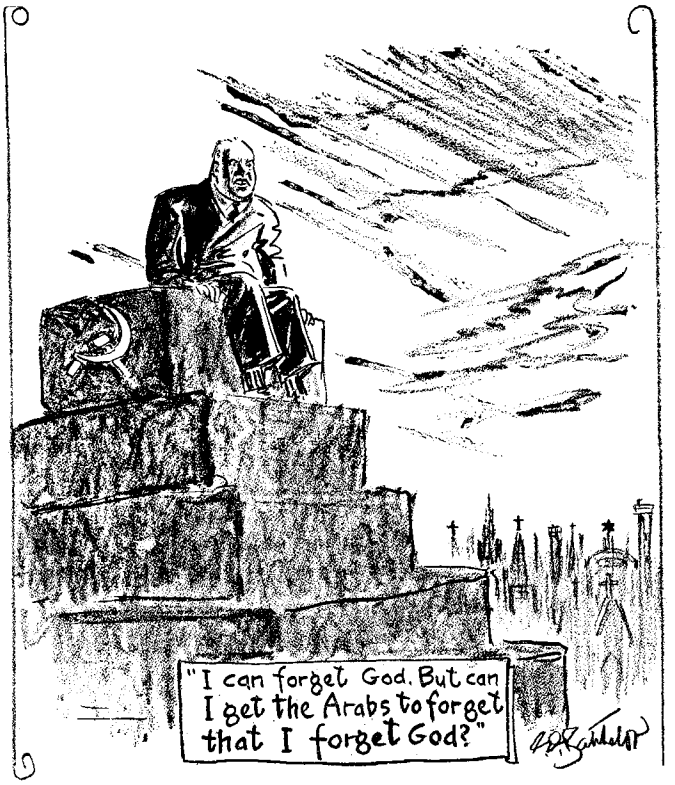
2. The most fundamental of these issues, as the Communists well know, is whether France is to keep on being a wide-open society, a society without a basic political consensus, a society, therefore, able and willing to tolerate—as France has tolerated in recent years—a large Communist minority that behaves like a State within a State.

3. The Communists fear and distrust de Gaulle because they believe they know in their hearts, even more firmly than in their minds, where de Gaulle stands on that issue. The French Communists fear that de Gaulle will cut them down to size: suppress their newspapers, shut down their huge book-publishing and book-distributing concerns, eliminate their stooges from strategic positions in French life and French society. A de Gaulle government, in other words, may at an early moment confront the Communists with the choice: fight in the streets, or be crushed.

4. The lesson to be drawn from the civil war, if it comes, will *not* be that which the Establishment press will see in it, namely: authoritarian governments always produce civil war. The correct lesson will be: a) "open" societies produce strong Communist movements, which b) finally make countries ungovernable democratically, which c) brings on authoritarian government, in the presence of which d) the Communists must either wage civil war or go out of business.

5. The international considerations which, in the past, have caused the Kremlin to impose caution on the French Communists are today in marked abeyance. Internal chaos in France, possibly followed by a Communist-dominated government, would, today, give the Kremlin greater opportunities—greater, and, since the United States would probably not make effective reply, safer opportunities—for fishing in the troubled waters of NATO, North Africa and the Middle East.

Don't be surprised if the Communists start blood flowing in the streets of France.



Why, Why, Why?

We will not try to explain, but only record, the furious campaign that the press of this country has been waging against Charles de Gaulle. The press—the great majority of the columnists, reporters, editorial writers, cartoonists and magazines—have not been content to present the facts, the news about de Gaulle and the French crisis. All, as if obsessed, have denounced him by all the anathemas in the rhetoric of Liberalism: de Gaulle is the reincarnation of Mussolini, Hitler, Perón, Franco *and* McCarthy—in short, 1958's quintessential *fascist.*

Whence comes this extraordinary compulsion? There was never a campaign so frenetic and widespread against Tito, Gomulka, Zhukov or even Khrushchev. With them, many publications have been willing to stick to straight news, and some have been friendly. Under the current rhetoric the truth about the French situation is almost totally obscured: about de Gaulle himself (who neither by political program nor personal character has ever been or could ever be a fascist), about his opponents, and about the demoralized Fourth Republic that now sinks, as inevitably it was destined to do, into ruins.

And what can our press—which the rest of the world accepts quite naturally as the voice of predominant American public opinion—expect to accomplish by this distortion and libel? Do the editors who print Herblock's vicious anti-Gaullist cartoons

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and who publish fierce anti-Gaullist editorials, intend that the United States should have diplomatic relations with a France headed, as France is quite probably due to be, by de Gaulle? Certainly the press is furnishing Frenchmen who support de Gaulle—and it looks as though they are a majority—with grist for the "anti-American" attitude which the press is almost gleefully attributing to *Gaullisme*.

And what will be the policy of the gurus of the fourth estate toward the probable civil war now poised over France? In the fragmentized French community today there are only two serious organized forces: the Communist apparatus and the military. These are the opponents in the deepening civil conflict: with the military—backing de Gaulle and joined by various independents, conservatives and patriots—confronting the Communists and their dupes, operating under a popular-front mask as "committees for the defense of the Republic." Has the American press chosen to function as the propaganda machine of the men who strive to smash France internally, drive her out of the Western alliance, and dragoon her into the Soviet orbit?

Say It Isn't So

The wires from Washington are carrying a number of inside stories about the nature of the confidential report on his Latin American trip that Vice President Nixon is due to submit to the President. We hope these are as false as inside stories usually turn out to be; but there is nothing imaginary about the remarks that Mr. Nixon has been making since his return, and some of them are highly disturbing. Mr. Nixon is sounding more like Chester Bowles than like the Richard Nixon who hunted down the truth about Alger Hiss. Has Professor Robert Alexander or some other ideologue of the left managed to insert himself as the Vice President's "Latin American expert"?

Mr. Nixon, according to the reports, classified the provocateurs, who were obviously Communist-led, as for the most part serious students, "the wave of the future . . . thoughtful, pro-American persons seriously concerned with the problems of dictatorship." The degrading and murderous assaults were caused, he is said to believe, by our neglect of the Latin American nations, by our thinking of them "in terms of siesta, mañana, rhumba, samba and cha cha cha"; and, especially, by our support of dictators.

It does not seem to have been brought to Mr. Nixon's attention that one-third ($7.5 billion) of the total U.S. foreign investment is in Latin America, though it has only 4 per cent of the world's population; or that Latin America has received 40 per cent of the dollar value of U.S. Export-Import bank loans. Nor, apparently, has he reflected on the coincidence that his roughest treatment was received in the very democratically governed nations of Peru—where the masses are under the control of the returned exile, Haya de la Torre, darling of U.S. Liberals—and of Venezuela, where the first act of the new democratic junta was to relegalize the Communist Party and welcome back tens of thousands of exiled Communist militants. Nor has he asked himself how it happened that in every nation he visited he confronted identical slogans, insults, and physical operations—the same ideas and tactics, for that matter, that are swung into action throughout the world by the disciplined maneuvers of the world Communist apparatus.

In earlier stages of his career Richard Nixon won a deserved reputation for his ability to keep his eye on the true enemy behind all the screens and camouflage. It would be lamentable if—as he moves almost unopposed into the stretch of the race for his party's highest nomination—he should be developing a bad case of political astigmatism.

Having Wonderful Time

Adam Clayton Powell Jr. appears to be loving every minute of it (see below), and why shouldn't he? He is used to getting his way: people and things have a way of seeing to that. When he gets into trouble, somebody, somewhere, does his level best to look after him, and that man's level best is usually good enough—though dammit, somebody really messed up that indictment! (Columnist Murray Kempton has written us that he is shocked to find NATIONAL REVIEW criticizing the Eisenhower Administration for the only 1956 campaign promise that was still intact as late as a few weeks ago!) Tammany Hall drops Powell—not because he allegedly cheated on his tax returns, but because he demonstrably came out for Eisenhower in 1956—and Powell announces he will run a primary fight, and that he will win it, which he probably will. (Last week Harlem GOP leaders, in closed session, considered nominating Powell on the Republican ticket!)

After a particularly aggressive speech, at an NAACP rally, against Tammany-man Hulan Jack, Jack and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People retaliated, denouncing Powell as a—"racialist." This fault did not come to the attention of Mr. Jack, or the NAACP, until Powell became, a very few days ago, a political nuisance.

That Powell is a racist has been clear for years. Last June, in NATIONAL REVIEW, Miss Maureen Buckley covered the subject neatly: "Adam Clayton Powell's championing of the Negro cause has led him to a strange racist extremism. A Negro, he feels,

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must suppress all personal characteristics that tend to distract him from his principal duty which is, simply, to be a Negro. Last June [1956] he told an audience at Morehouse College that Negroes must 'walk together, work together, vote together, resist together [and] organize together.' No issue is so complex that Powell cannot explain it in racial terms. Why did the United States enter World War Two? Well, as long as the war concerned 'yellow against yellow, white against black, and white against white' the United States stayed out. 'Pearl Harbor, however, was yellow against white and the war came immediately, with the race baiters roaring their approval.' In 1946 he pronounced in the *Congressional Record* his fixed conclusion that 'the best thing that could happen would be the passing of . . . the white man's world [which] has stood for nationalism, racism, militarism, oppression, and barbarism.'"

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People should have repudiated Powell long, long ago. But the NAACP is fast becoming—like the Anti-Defamation League—a routine pressure group for the Liberal Left. The week before the NAACP finally went after Powell, it officially opposed passage of the Jenner-Butler Bill to relegislate the anti-Communist laws struck down by the Supreme Court. The Butler Bill hasn't anything to do with the advancement of Negroes. Any more than Powell does.

How to Talk to a Bully

The return to power of Nobusuke Kishi in the Japanese elections will strengthen anti-Communism throughout Asia. If a leftist coalition had won control, the Red Chinese would no doubt have mounted a major offensive intended to force the Japanese to come to economic terms with Peiping and, in due course, to diplomatic terms.

A few weeks ago the Red Chinese, in anticipation of the elections, decided to find out just what would happen if they endeavored to fly the Red flag in Japan. So they opened a Chinese stamp exhibit in a Nagasaki department store and displayed their flag above it. Peiping's consul general protested locally; and its embassy in Tokyo protested to the Japanese Foreign Office. The Foreign Office said it had no authority to order the Mayor of Nagasaki to take down the flag but would "advise" him to order it taken down. This (and very possibly more) it did. Immediately after, two Japanese "youths," loudly proclaiming their hostility to Communism, tore down the flag. This was treated as a trifling offense when the department store called in the police, and the "youths" were perfunctorily reprimanded, and released. The flag did not go up again . . .

The news of this incident moved the Peiping government to proclaim a boycott on all trade with Japan. They charged that the youths were young Nagasaki cops in plain clothes, acting under the mayor's orders. They were probably right.

Premier Kishi made a major campaign issue of the boycott, charging Red China with a blackmailing attempt to influence the impending elections. Now that the voters have pronounced on the issue—and in Kishi's favor—Mao and Company will probably back down. They are well aware that the Japanese can get extremely tough with their ilk—and that is the only diplomatic language they understand.

A Dent in Robeson's Halo

The Communist apparatus' frenzied campaign to depict Paul Robeson, on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, as a martyred champion of humanity and the Negro people, has met with moderate success in the United States. The *Sunday Worker* could proudly report that a Republican candidate for Congress accused the State Department of refusing Robeson a passport "because it does not want Mr. Robeson to tell the truth about the Negroes in the United States."

But Mr. Robeson's record is such that in time he will be recognized for what he is. As a straw in the wind, we offer a letter written by a resident of Bombay to the *Times of India*:

"*It is represented that [Mr. Robeson] is hunted and hounded in his own country and denied the right even to earn his living.* In fact, he owns an extensive countryhouse in Connecticut, is free to sing wherever . . . he chooses to. Gramophone records of his songs are available at any reputable American music shop.

"*As regards his humanism.* . . . he has always justified the tyranny of the Kremlin. He has been affiliated with nearly sixty Communist-front organizations. To him it is not illogical that the Communist Party declared the Smith Act unconstitutional . . . when eleven top Communists were convicted in New York City in 1949, but . . . remained silent when 29 Trotskyites were convicted under the same Act in Minneapolis in 1941. . . . Only recently he represented the Hungarian revolt as a movement of 'fascists' against 'workers.'

"*Robeson claims to speak on behalf of the Negroes,* but the NAACP . . . has totally repudiated him.

"And what about the eminent artists and writers behind the Iron Curtain who have dedicated not only their art but also their lives to the noble cause of human freedom and dignity? . . . Great writers in Hungary and other satellite countries . . . are rotting in prison because they refuse to accept Russian tutelage and betray their country and their conscience. What about celebrating *their* birthdays?"

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Objection, Your Honor

Last winter, in a series of lectures on which NATIONAL REVIEW has had previous occasion to comment, Judge Learned Hand analyzed the conduct of the Supreme Court. On the basis of his knowledge and experience as a jurist, he criticized the trigger-happy readiness of the Court to declare legislation unconstitutional. He warned against the Court's tendency to abandon its judicial role, to encroach on the political departments, and to transform itself into "a third legislative chamber." Judge Hand's words seemed to us—and still seem to us—a solidly reasoned critique of the kind of abuse to which the Earl Warren Court has submitted the judicial process, and a cogent argument for the sort of correction that is proposed by the Jenner-Butler Bill now before the Senate.

Under the prodding of Senator Thomas C. Hennings, Judge Hand has, nevertheless, written a letter opposing the bill's enactment as "detrimental to the best interests of the United States." Since his letter retracts none of his criticisms of the Court, we find the logic by which he reaches this opinion hard to follow. Perhaps Judge Hand is only exhibiting that common occupational bias from the perspective of which each profession, resenting interference from outsiders, tends to feel that it should be left to set its own house in order. Or perhaps—like so many experts in so many fields (physical scientists and economists, for example)—Learned Hand loosens up his rules of evidence and logic when he shifts from his specialty to practical politics. However that may be, we urge Congress, in its consideration of the Jenner-Butler Bill that comes to the floor with a 10-5 recommendation from the Judiciary Committee, to remember Judge Hand's premises when it weighs his conclusion.

Our Contributors: WILLARD EDWARDS ("William Benton Tries a Comeback") is an ace Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune.* His recent series of articles for that paper on leading senators has been widely acclaimed. . . . ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH ("Before You Say No . . ."), whose correspondence with a sage thirteen-year-old will be reprinted in the July *Reader's Digest,* will be remembered by our readers for several hilarious articles, of which the most recent was "Prosiness in Purple" (January 4). . . . FRANK CHODOROV ("Shake Well Before Using"), economist and journalist, was editor of the *Freeman* from July 1954 to December 1955. . . . GERHART NIEMEYER ("The Burkean View of Politics"), Professor of Soviet Studies at Notre Dame, will shortly become a civilian member of the faculty of the National War College. He is the author of *The Soviet Mentality.*

San Marino, 100 Percentile

From a letter to the publisher of NATIONAL REVIEW, *from Mr. Eric Pridonoff of San Marino, California:*

"By way of a contribution to your cause, and also to inform people further of the fine work you are doing, I recently ordered your magazine for members of our Exchange Club.

"I have belonged to the Exchange Club for the past three years. It is a national organization which strongly believes in private enterprise and Americanism. San Marino is a community of conservative people, of much higher than average income; about 95 per cent are registered Republicans. San Marino residents have the highest average income in the United States. They are politically important, and guide the destinies of up and coming politicians.

"The most amazing thing happened. Two members of the club told our secretary that NATIONAL REVIEW must be Communistic because among the contributors there was a fellow by the name of Max Eastman. One of the two said he had taken the publication to one of the executives of the *Los Angeles Times* and asked his opinion about it, and had been told: 'Well, I am going to look into it. I don't know anything about the publication.' [NATIONAL REVIEW is often quoted on the editorial page of the *Los Angeles Times.* ED.]

"Of course the fact that these people, the so-called 'leaders' who think themselves guides of our society and so on, were not familiar with other people who are on the staff, such as of course Mr. Buckley, Mr. John Chamberlain, Mr. James Burnham, Miss Suzanne La Follette, Mr. Morrie Ryskind, who is well known for his anti-Communist activities in the Los Angeles area, came as a shock to me. I told the secretary, as well as other members of the Exchange Club, that in my opinion any individual reading a paragraph of any article should immediately be able to, if he has half intelligence, ascertain the type of publication NATIONAL REVIEW is.

"The real corker was when another member called me directly and said, 'Eric, what kind of crud did you send me? Why, this publication is horrible! It's atheistic and Communistic.' I said, 'Just exactly what do you mean?' 'Well, I saw the name of William F. Buckley Jr. Why, he is an atheist.' I said, 'How come?' And he said, 'Why, isn't he the man who wrote a book against God in Yale something or other?' Well, Mr. Rusher, when I heard that, I felt I had enough and believe me it is hard to participate in the Exchange Club of San Marino.

"One can work and try to explain things to people who do not know better—who are not expected to know better. Exchange members are doctors, lawyers, successful businessmen, and they are the ones who are contributing to the effects that we are feeling today in the United States, and that are losing us our freedom, little by little. I can only emphasize again when men can make remarks such as have been made, do we still have a chance?"

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William Benton Tries a Comeback

Ousted as propaganda minister because he fought for huge appropriations (with a Congress which has since paid so much for so little); defeated in his war on McCarthy; the former Connecticut Senator still pines for power

WILLARD EDWARDS

Connecticut's fair green valleys are echoing these days to the political war whoops of former Senator William Benton, a battle-scarred veteran of the Washington propaganda wars from 1945 to 1952. Cast out by the voters six years ago after a frustrating clash with the forces of evil represented by a junior Senator from Wisconsin, Benton is now engaged in a heroic struggle for political vindication.

If there were any justice in politics, this victim of the Period of Hysteria would be tendered the Democratic senatorial nomination, which he seeks, as a reward from a grateful party. For he was the State Department's first hatchetman in the campaign to destroy Joe McCarthy, and with him the charges of Communist infiltration of government under the Truman-Acheson regime; charges which so many million guileless citizens were inclined to credit in the early years of this decade. And his pioneering cost him dear: when the Senate, on December 2, 1954, finally voted, 67 to 22, to uphold its "dignity" by condemning McCarthy, Benton was looking on wistfully from the sidelines. And Senator Lehman alone, among the triumphant majority, recalled the forgotten warrior:

"He was the first to formally propose disciplinary action against the Senator from Wisconsin. He did not emerge unscarred. But he paved the way for this Senate action today and he richly deserves our tribute."

Tribute is being withheld from Benton in his bid for a comeback. His honorable scars are ignored. He has, in fact, been forced into a humiliating contest with two other candidates, one of whom is his old Madison Avenue advertising partner, Chester Bowles.

Now, since Benton made Bowles rich back in the thirties, and Bowles, as Governor of Connecticut, paid off handsomely by appointing Benton to the Senate in 1949, there are curious, even comic angles to this race. But no student of the complexities of human nature could fail to give first consideration to Benton's mysterious urge to resume a Washington career in which he suffered a series of painful defeats.

Axe-Wielder for Publicity

This product of 300 years of New England preachers and teachers has, on the basis of the open record, long been consumed by a passion to attack and maim public figures when retaliation was certain to be swift and punishing.

As America's minister of propaganda from 1945 to 1947, he beat his head repeatedly against the impregnable walls of Congress, falling back in a rage time and again after assailing dull-witted legislative leaders of both parties for cutting his appropriations. When the Truman Administration wearied of this foolish spectacle and ousted him, Benton turned upon the occupant of the White House with ferocity. As Senator, his maiden speech was an assault upon Truman, a good portion of his Cabinet, Democratic and Republican leaders in the Senate, and former President Hoover. It was a demonstration of admirable impartiality.

Then came his two-year war on McCarthy, which, as *Life* magazine sagely remarked long after, "fell awfully flat but was perhaps less quixotic than premature."

It is an unhappy record which might suggest to some men a turn to more peaceful pursuits. But Benton, now fifty-eight, is exhausting himself to win the privilege of re-entering an arena which has seen him so often as a buffeted gladiator with glazed eyes and sagging jaw.

A thoughtful observer has ventured the opinion that Benton's compulsion to use the axe on public figures stems from a revolt against his own methods during a spectacular business career. From 1925 to 1935, he was known as one of the nation's leading exploiters of deodorants, laxatives, soap, cigarettes and beer. It is quite possible, suggests this observer, that after all those years of toadying to sponsors Benton contemplated with delight the prospect of substituting derogation for adoration in his public utterances. It should, however, be noted that he has always selected his targets with a keen eye to publicity. His slugging has been confined to the major leagues. And he is capable of fulsome praise for those whose thinking is in accord with his own. He has, for example, said some mighty nice things about such close friends and associates as Robert M. Hutchins, Paul Hoffman, Marshall Field, Eric Johnston, Milton Eisenhower, Anna Rosenberg, Nelson Rockefeller and Eleanor Roosevelt.

A baffling figure. He has been baffling his own family for years. His father, a professor at the University of Minnesota for thirty-three years, and his mother, once head mistress of a St. Louis girls' school, were gently guiding him towards Harvard Law School after his graduation from Yale in 1921, when young Bill kicked over the traces and headed for the fleshpots of business in New York City.

The bones of three centuries of Connecticut ancestors presumably rustled when Benton got a job with an advertising agency and began hashing copy. But seven years later he had a $25,000 a year post, turned

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down $50,000 to remain, and set up his own agency, with Bowles as a partner.

The firm opened just before the 1929 crash, but prospered amazingly in the lean years that followed. Benton was the first to use radio as a major advertising medium, and boasted that he invented the first soap jingle. The advertising firm of Benton and Bowles grossed $18 million, and Benton was a $250,000 a year man when in 1935, at the age of thirty-five, he suddenly sold out his holdings, announcing that a man ought not to hold a job in any one line for more than ten years.

There followed a series of erratic dashes through various areas of endeavor, in most of which he made more money. Yale classmate Hutchins summoned him to the University of Chicago as vice president in charge of advertising. Benton wrote a treatise on how a university could endear itself to the public. He also picked up the common stock of the *Encyclopedia Brittanica* when it was offered for sale to the University, and became board chairman of the *Brittanica's* United States, Canadian and British publishing companies.

He took over the Muzak Corporation, a highly profitable purveyor of piped music; gathered in a shoe factory in Los Angeles, and assorted other firms. He lent his moral and financial support to the creation in 1940 of *PM*, a journalistic oddity sponsored by Marshall Field. But he sold out in two weeks and later boasted of being the only man to have made money out of the venture.

He was a hero to the trade journals and the business magazines. They described him as a "dynamo," a "cyclone," and a man of ceaseless drive and curiosity. Legends grew up about his capacity to handle a dozen subjects at once. An admiring secretary described him in the middle of a business conference, grabbing a dictating machine and barking: "Have somebody give me a memo on what this philosophy of Thomas Aquinas is all about."

Washington in wartime drew him as a consultant, invited or uninvited, to almost everybody in the government. He journeyed to England with Eric Johnston and came back airing such a breezy knowledge of Anglo-U.S. relations that a State Department appointment was inevitable. He was entrusted with the organization of the Administration's propaganda department.

And fell flat on his face. His glib self-assurance affronted newspapermen. His pin-stripe suits and white carnation failed to impress congressional committees. His high-pressure methods were coldly and publicly described as "energetic asininity." His budget requests, modest by later standards, were dismissed as grandiose dreams. After two years, angry and bewildered, he was out.

"Dear Bill" Letter

Then came a little-known incident which illustrates the fine, non-partisan fervor that distinguishes Benton's eagerness for verbal assault. Although he denied it, everyone in Washington knew that his resignation had been forced by President Truman, who noted in a consoling "Dear Bill" letter the "difficulties and frustrations" Benton had encountered. Benton was furious.

Carroll Reece, a Tennessee congressman who was then chairman of the Republican National Committee, was understandably astonished when two emissaries from Benton called upon him and offered him the ousted propagandist's services as GOP publicity director. Madison Avenue techniques, they argued, in the hands of a peerless press agent, would be employed to advertise the Truman Administration's misdemeanors and to lead the Republican Party out of the wilderness in which it had then wandered for fifteen years.

It seems to be Benton's fate to be "premature." Five years later, Madison Avenue tactics would be flourishing in Republican headquarters. But Reece rejected the tempting offer. He was suspicious, he explains, of employing anyone so recently connected with the State Department. He never saw Benton personally, but had evidence which convinced him that the proposal was genuine.

Benton hung on gamely to his Washington connections, toying with UNESCO and heading a United States Delegation to a UN conference on freedom of the press at Geneva in 1948. Here he first encountered the Russians and issued a startled verdict: They were bastardizing and degrading the language.

Rescued from this comparative oblivion by his appointment to the Senate, he quickly sensed that at that moment of history only one issue was a dependable vehicle for publicity. With the quiet assistance of the Democratic National Committee and the State Department, Connecticut's new Senator fearlessly offered himself as leading challenger to the menace of McCarthyism.

McCarthy's Countercharges

On August 6, 1951, after some preliminary skirmishes, he introduced a resolution demanding McCarthy's expulsion from the Senate for "bearing false witness and practicing deceit and falsehood."

McCarthy ignored Benton for a while, but eventually countered with a resolution terming Benton unfit for the Senate, and with a two-million-dollar libel and slander suit. Subsequent hostilities made hot copy for a delighted press. McCarthy accused Benton of having surrounded himself in the State Department with "a motley, red-tinted crowd," and of having protected seven employees, whom he named, who were either "Communists, fellow travelers or complete dupes."

There were lengthy hearings. Benton labeled McCarthy's attack upon him "vicious and scandalous." He declared that he had brought only two of those named into the State Department, and had tried to get one of them fired. Another he defended as "definitely not a Red."

One passage from his testimony before a Senate elections committee in July 1952 will serve to recall the flavor of the period. Opening his attack, Benton sought to deprecate McCarthy's charges as old hat.

"I know there were Communists in the State Department because I helped to drive them out," he declaimed. An hour later, called upon to name the Communists he knew, he snapped: "I cannot give you the names of Communists in the State Department because I do not know any. I did not know any then, I do not know any now."

The battle continued into the fall campaign of 1952. Benton, after serving one year by appointment, had won a 1950 election for a two-year term by a bare 1,100 votes. When in 1952

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ne became the Democratic candidate for the full six-year term, McCarthy twice went into Connecticut and suggested to the voters that Purtell, the Republican candidate, would make a better Senator. Adlai Stevenson and Harry Truman campaigned for Benton. The election results made Benton an ex-Senator while McCarthy won re-election in Wisconsin for another six years.

The Senate subcommittee reported in January 1953 that the results of the November elections appeared to have disposed of the two expulsion resolutions. There seemed to be no quarrel at the time with the argument that the people of Wisconsin, by re-electing McCarthy, had cleared him of Benton's charges, while the people of Connecticut, by defeating Benton, had repudiated him and his case.

Benton vs. *Bowles*

Thus, with touching simplicity, were verdicts rendered in those days. But times have changed and with them *mores*. Breathless Bill Benton, no longer ahead of his age, may be coming into his own.

And then again, maybe not. Frustration must seize him once more as he considers his main opponent, Bowles, the national price czar of World War Two, and later Truman's ambassador to India. Bowles is a sitting duck for devastating shafts if ever there was one. Benton knows Bowles inside and out, and conceivably could tear him to pieces as a senatorial aspirant.

But Benton cannot forget how Bowles plucked him from the slough of political despond, vacated a Senate seat by elevating the Republican occupant, Raymond E. Baldwin, to the state supreme court, and installed his old friend in the greatest deliberative body in the world.

Hampered by this tie, Benton has shown surprising restraint. He modestly suggested a series of thirty-six "Lincoln-Douglas" debates by the candidates, noting that it was the 100th anniversary of those celebrated encounters. Just who would be billed as Honest Abe and who as the Little Giant was never made clear, since the challenge was not accepted.

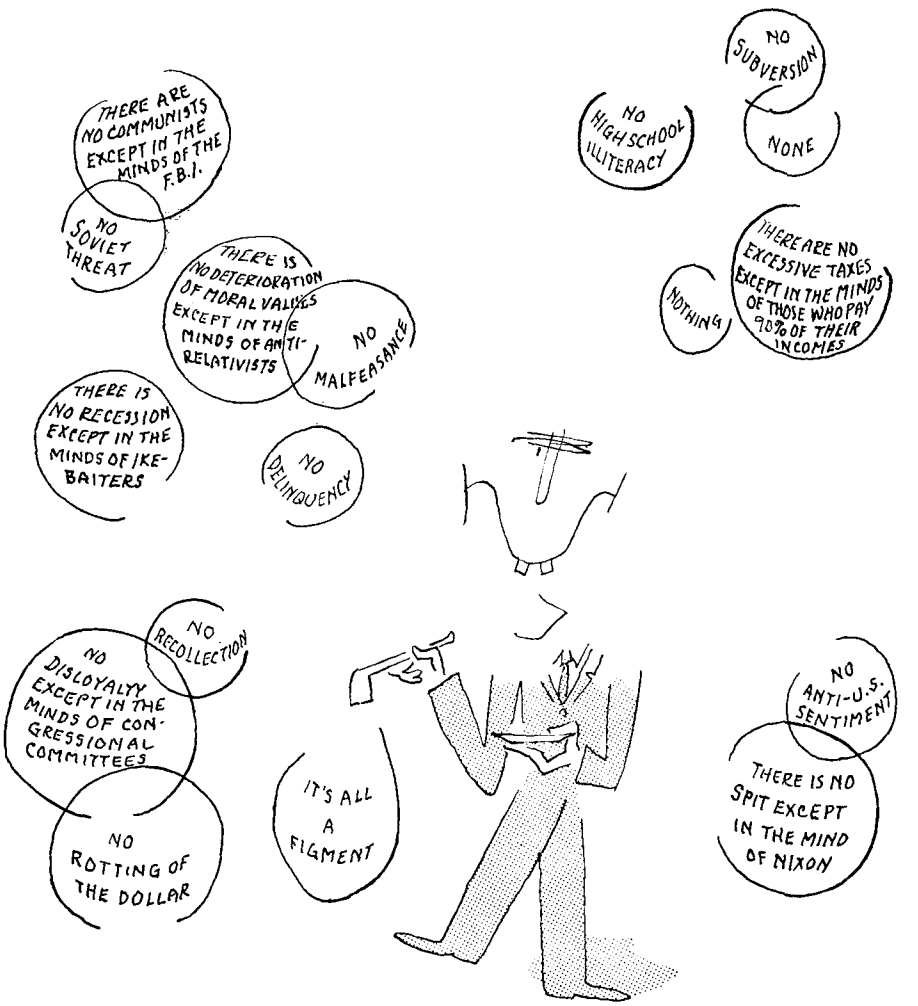
The third candidate, former Representative Thomas J. Dodd, lays claim to the nomination because he suffered in the last Republican sweep and thinks he should therefore be the senatorial claimant this year, when Senator William A. Purtell, the Republican incumbent, appears ripe for unseating. Dodd cast some respectable votes as a congressman and has had some conservative backing in the past.

Professional politicians are rubbing their hands over this setup. There is a rich harvest in the offing. Benton and Bowles are both rich, and ready to spend freely. Dodd has some important supporters. There is plenty of money in sight for the practical men who make a living out of well-heeled candidates.

Moreover, there is a possibility that the initial spending period may be prolonged beyond the state Democratic convention of June 27-28, when delegates will meet to select a nominee. A new and hitherto untried Connecticut law provides that any candidate rejected by the delegates but receiving at least twenty per cent of their votes, may demand a statewide popular primary.

Cynics suggest that the convention delegates, by some happy chance and a little skillful guidance, may be so divided as to bring about this development. Among seasoned observers there is stubborn reluctance to declare just who is in the lead at this writing. Most of them agree that none of the three candidates has a majority of the delegates. Deals are rumored. No politician will venture a guess concerning the outcome of Connecticut's first primary, if it should come to that.

(Reprints of this article are available at 15 cents each, 100 for $10.00. Address Department R, NATIONAL REVIEW, *211 East 37th St. New York 16, New York.)*


THERE ARE NO COMMUNISTS EXCEPT IN THE MINDS OF THE F.B.I.
NO SOVIET THREAT
NO SUBVERSION
NO HIGH SCHOOL ILLITERACY
NONE
THERE IS NO DETERIORATION OF MORAL VALUES EXCEPT IN THE MINDS OF ANTI-RELATIVISTS
NO MALFEASANCE
NOTHING
THERE ARE NO EXCESSIVE TAXES EXCEPT IN THE MINDS OF THOSE WHO PAY 90% OF THEIR INCOMES
THERE IS NO RECESSION EXCEPT IN THE MINDS OF IKE-BAITERS
NO DELINQUENCY
NO RECOLLECTION
NO DISLOYALTY EXCEPT IN THE MINDS OF CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEES
NO ROTTING OF THE DOLLAR
IT'S ALL A FIGMENT
NO ANTI-U.S. SENTIMENT
THERE IS NO SPIT EXCEPT IN THE MIND OF NIXON

Kreuttner

"The secret of Complacency is Selective Self-Reassurance. Won't you join me?"

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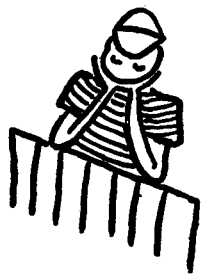
Before You Say No...



A Correspondence, Non-Fictional, between A Young Boy A Housewife A Headmaster and Young Boy's Brother

March 7, 1958

Dear Mrs. Heath:

I wish to ask you a great favor. My brother David goes to Cranwell and he says they go easier on brothers, so I might have a chance to get in even though my grades aren't so terribly good. But I need three letters of recommendation and I have one from a priest and one from a nun and my father says he thinks the third one better be from someone who is not a priest or a nun. You are not a priest or a nun but yet you know me intamitely from me having delivered your paper even that bad day right after Christmas when their was no school and the Times boy didn't deliver his customers, and from those Catholic Christmas cards you always buy, and from the jack lantern pumpkins I helped you carve three years in a row, and the Easter Eggs, and a lot of other things. (Like the time I picked up John when he broke his arm and taught Priscilla how to ride a two-wheeler.)

Before you say no, I did break the trampoline but I didn't honestly know how heavy I was, because I grew very suddenly and the only reason I was always on the roof was because of my gliders which you said I could get if they were on the roof, and the time you wouldn't let me come in your back yard for three weeks that time, Catholic Word of Honor, John started it and it was not my fault because Scout's Honor, I only gave John the most compleatly gentle kind of tap so he would go home so Georgie Cunningham wouldn't beat him up, because you know how Georgie is when he get's mad. Because John threw a mud ball at him on his bycicle. Not that you were wrong, but that I'm explaning now, because you were so mad then you wouldn't give me a chance to explane, because John got their first and he fed you a lot of garbage. But I still like John, he is a fine young boy, he has been well brought up by his Mother.

But even if sometimes you don't get along with me too well, I always think of you as my "Oldest Friend" so I hope you will do me this great favor of writing me a letter of recommendation.

Thanking you for your trouble,

Respectfully yours,
PETER BAILEY-GATES

P.S. Thank you for the pennies of which I already had the 1926 San Francisco mint but I did not have the 1921 Denver. Do you have a 1905 Indian Head, I will pay one nickel, clear profit of four (4) ¢?

Respectfully yours,
PETER BAILEY-GATES

March 7, 1958

Dear Peter:

I would be glad to write you a letter of recommendation to Cranwell, and I am very flattered that you asked me. Of course, I will have to tell the Truth, the Whole Truth and Nothing But the Truth, so I hope nobody will be careless enough to allow my letter to fall into the hands of the police. I can't tell you how much I would miss you if you had to spend the next ten years in a reformatory.

Respectably yours,
MRS. H.

P.S. No, I haven't got a 1905 Indian Head, which saddens me very much, but what saddens me more is the fact that even after three years' acquaintanceship you don't know me well enough to realize that I also know that this particular penny is worth $6.00! You and your 4¢ profit—hah! I've told you and *told* you about my high I.Q. Don't you believe me? However, just to show you I bear no grudge, I will give you my duplicate of the 1911 no mint mark—for free yet!

Respectably yours,
MRS. H.

P.P.S. Don't worry about my letter. I will bet you one dollar (from me) to one doughnut (from you) that you will get into Cranwell—not because you're such a hot-shot, you understand, but because if I'm crazy enough to like you, your priest and your nun are probably suffering from the same form of insanity. On the other hand, they may know you even better than I do, God help them!

Respectably yours,
MRS. H.

March 9, 1958

To Whom It May Concern:

Peter Bailey-Gates has been in and out of my house almost daily for the past three years—by "almost," I mean those short sentences of exile which I have been unkind enough to impose upon Peter—and in that time I have come to know him very well indeed: as friend, paper boy, fellow penny-collector, and as combined decorator, waiter and entertainer at my younger children's birthday parties.

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I have found Peter to be unfailingly good-humored, well-mannered and considerate—all of which qualities stand him in good stead in his relations with the public, which are many and varied. I am sure that no boy in New England, much less West Hartford, has been engaged in so many intricate business enterprises as Peter Bailey-Gates. I have bought, hired, subscribed to, invested in, paid and been paid interest on fully a dozen of his ventures in the last three years—not even counting his snow-shoveling, leaf-raking, apple-picking and garbage-can-toting, for which my own young sons are recruited. Peter's financial sense is, however, no deterrent to his feeling

for what is fitting and proper: when he washed the car of the 70-year-old spinster who lives nearby, for instance, he was careful to explain (lest I should find out, I suppose!) that he had refused payment only because she had "no man to make money for her"; again, when he asked me to take an ad in his projected *Colony Road News* and I was so irreverent as to reserve two inches of space for the slogan "HOORAY FOR MRS. HEATH," Peter offered to refund my dollar because he had caused my ad to appear as "COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND." I must, however, state categorically that Peter has faithfully and conscientiously fulfilled his share of every and any contract between us, whatever it may have been. (And the fact that one or two of these contracts have been rather clearer to Peter than to me, has been indignantly attributed by my own children to my habit of doing jigsaw puzzles, reading, watching television programs and saying "Uh-hunh" simultaneously, when I should have been *listening*. My husband affirms this judgment.)

Lest my young friend sound barely lower than the angels, I must add that his fertile imagination combined with his 13-year-old sense of humor have led, on occasion, to my addressing him with "harsh words and unkind"—("You know perfectly well that when I told you last Tuesday you could climb upon the roof to get your glider, I didn't mean you could buy ten *more* gliders and *aim* them at the—and by the way, I hope you didn't buy them with the lottery money for the bicycle horn—when are you going to *have* that lottery, anyway? I bought those tickets six weeks ago!" And much more.) These *irrational, if predictable crises of the* adult world leave Peter possibly repentant, probably remorseful, but certainly unruffled. He is more sophisticated today than three years ago, when, at the age of ten, he frequently urged me not to get my liver in a quiver. Today, when Peter and I have what he refers to as "a difference of opinion," he retires with complete equanimity to his own back yard until such time as my ill-humor subsides. My change of mood is apparently picked up by Peter's extra-sensory perception within the hour, for whenever I decide that the time has come for forgiving and forgetting, he appears at my front door within fifteen minutes, to assure me he *has* forgiven and forgotten. By way of proof (or penance?) he then resumes without rancor his status as our daily visitor.

Needless to say, our friendship is steadfast.

ALOISE BUCKLEY HEATH
(Mrs. Benjamin Heath)

March 15, 1958

CRANWELL PREPARATORY SCHOOL
Office of the Principal

Mrs. Benjamin Wild Heath
29 Colony Road
West Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Mrs. Heath:

I am very grateful to you for your detailed and colorful description of Peter Bailey-Gates.

Many of Peter's accomplishments can be put to good use at School. Leaf-raking and snow-shoveling are part of the punitive curriculum. Endowed with all the energy which you describe, I am sure that Peter will be an early candidate for demerits.

We will try to keep pace with Peter. What substitute we will have when the occasion arises for Peter to "retire to his own back yard" we will try to figure out during the year.

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES E. BURKE, S.J.
(Rev.) Charles E. Burke, S.J.
Principal

March 15, 1958

Dear Mimi and Dad:

Please excuse the paper, for I'm in study hall, and since something happened tonight, which made me feel pretty proud of my little (little? Ha Ha) brother Peter, I thought I'd tell you about it, unless you already know, This has also changed practically my entire attitude toward Father Burke who has practically never been known to crack a smile in the memory of the oldest graduate.

Not more than five minutes ago, during the break between study hall hours, Father Burke called me and showed me a letter which Mrs. Heath had written to him about Peter. It described Peter to a tee. All of the letter was praiseworthy about him, and had been written just about Peter and nothing else. Father Burke was astonished and asked me if it was all true, and I told him it was, and he said in that case PETER GETS IN! ! . . .

Say hello to the little kids for me please, and tell them "Big Dave" will be home soon.

Love and prayers,
YOUR SON DAVID

Dear Pete—Boy, does Mrs. Heath sure have your number. Father Burke said he can hardly wait to get you up here to knock it out of you. Love and kisses. DAVE

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Letter from the Continent

France: Despair and De Gaulle

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

We are witnessing the collapse of an artificial regime. General Charles de Gaulle is virtually in command of France, and if the Communist strike is successfully weathered, will emerge as leader of his country. France will then have declared officially the bankruptcy of the inorganic brand of democratic-republicanism imposed upon it after the second World War by Soviet agents and British-American ideologues. The Communists wanted a weak France, for weak countries are eminently penetrable; the Liberals wanted a France fashioned after their abstract notions of the Ideal Society. That France is going: and the question is whether the Communists will take it over, having had ten years to effect their penetration; or whether it will stay with the West.

Triple Rebellion

Let us look at the present French crisis pragmatically. The Algerian problem has taken an odd and largely unexpected turn. Its essence is the combined rebellion of three elements: the French settlers who, in many cases, have lived there longer than have Americans in Montana; the Moslems, faithful to France and afraid of the Fellagha cutthroats who have demonstrated their capacity for committing monstrous atrocities against their coreligionists; and the French Army stationed in Algeria—a very large part of the Army, indeed.

All three factions rebelled against the parliamentary regime of France because they feared that the Pflimlin Government might try to "cut losses" by selling the country to the Fellagha. It is immaterial whether Pflimlin really harbored such a notion. (Personally, I incline to disbelieve it.) The rapid rotation of Governments reinforced the Frenchman's cynical view of his representatives as corrupt, intriguing, unreliable and selfish men who hug to themselves the little power they have individually and the great power they possess collectively. It is evident to them that the high degree of democracy France "enjoys" is an unmitigated evil and that a radical constitutional reform is the only way to sanity, health, and strength. What is needed is something like the American Constitution, which is a compromise between a constitutional monarchy (with a time limit) and a democracy. The parliament has always opposed such a reform because it would substantially cut down its power and because it might lead to a new, personal autocracy, a new Bonapartism which is a recurrent disease of Republican France. At election time the citizenry gets all excited and takes determined positions, but as soon as the battle is over most Frenchmen reassume their normal posture of contempt, if not hatred, for their representatives. *Espèce de député* is one of the worst insults in the vocabulary of French cabbies.

Yet, while the citizenry in Metropolitan France remains apathetic, the French of Algeria are tough, alert and impatient. More nationalistic and less compromising than the people of the "motherland," they exploded when they heard of the establishment of Pflimlin's cabinet. The Army and those Moslems who are faithful to France—a far larger group than most American "anti-colonialists" assume—followed suit. The Moslems, even more than the French, believe in government by persons and not by law, by personalities rather than principles. To them de Gaulle is a general. He is a man. He represents something. His assurances or promises can be taken seriously, whereas a politician's word, even if given in good faith, is good only as long as the particular *politico* keeps his job. (And in France this might be a matter of days.) *Uncertainty* is one of the basic elements of democracy, yet there are uncertainties which become unbearable.

The French rebellion which began in Algeria and spread rapidly to the rest of the Empire, is a visible sign of the agony of French parliamentarism and of the French republic as we know it. Many Frenchmen, disgusted with their parliamentary government in the motherland as well as in Algeria, are rallying around General de Gaulle. But not all. The

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more extreme French right, *i.e.*, the circles of a pro-Fascist character, the Pétainists and the more orthodox *Action Française* men (today the avid readers of *Aspects de France*)—three *entirely different* groups—are anti-de Gaulle. For them he is the foe of Pétain, the creature of Churchill and Roosevelt, the man who signed the Franco-Russian alliance in Moscow, the choice of the Communists, the appeaser of the left, etc. etc.

His 1932 Formula

Yet the case of De Gaulle—nobleman, military expert, son of a professor at the *Institut Catholique* and, with Anglo-American help, restorer of the Republic—is not so simple. A book written by Captain de Gaulle in 1932 may still be found in the New York Public Library. It is called *Le Fil de l'Épée*, (The Edge of the Sword) and is dedicated to General Pétain, godfather of the author's son Philippe. It suffers, in spite of its excellent style—De Gaulle is a literary figure, and that means something in France—from a fair amount of obscurity. But in the last analysis it is a manual on how to become a leader. De Gaulle was also an *Action Française* man (a monarchist) but had cooled down considerably in his enthusiasm for a restoration—although on the occasion of the Dauphin's marriage he sent the Comte de Paris a congratulatory wire.

De Gaulle, unlike Hitler, is neither the head of a powerful government, nor the representative of a coherent ideology but simply the only man in France who is a) known to the nation at large as a person of certain merits, and b) who has at least a vague program as to what changes should be made if the government is to be more stable. Rereading *Le Fil de l'Épée*, one becomes aware that he has followed its formula. In order to become *"un chef"* one must wait patiently for that moment of general despair when one is clamorously called to the role. After returning from his British exile, de Gaulle found the occasion unpropitious; the parliamentarians had banded together against him, American political influence decidedly opposed him, and the party he founded could never gain an absolute majority. He resigned, his party disintegrated, he retired to Colombey-les-Deux-Églises and gained a reputation as an accomplished writer of history. In all likelihood he reasoned that the democratic republic need not be murdered since it was contemplating suicide.

Virtues and Defects

De Gaulle is a man of great virtues and of limited demagogical glamor, but he is not without glaring defects. He has never forgotten the American intrigues against him, nor Churchill's double dealings with Pétain behind his back. He is not a friend of NATO (although he has a certain uneasy, grudging admiration for Germany where he spent some years as a POW); he is a Frenchman and not at all a European. He lacks clarity in his program. And it is a question whether he could ascend to power legally and peacefully. Legality is no open sesame in France. The Army is by no means solidly behind him. (Marshal Juin is said to have contemplated a military dictatorship should the general strike of several years ago have lasted another week.)

De Gaulle's legal way to power—and what he is demanding is power as effective as that of an American President—is unimaginable unless a miraculous change of heart occurs in the parliamentary politicians. They speak the symbolistic language of the French Revolution (which calls every virtue, every positive value, every free institution "republican")—but so do the enemies of parliamentary corruption. Curiously enough, we see today among the Communists ardent defenders of the *libertés républicaines*—in whose name martial law is proclaimed! French citizens must have an exit visa before leaving their country; the press is censored; police and gendarmes are patrolling the streets. It only needed de Gaulle's admission that he is ready to take over and immediately emergency laws, unheard of in recent French history, were promulgated, highranking officers arrested, and civil liberties curtailed.

The French Crisis

Of the estrangement from democracy of our *esprits forts* in Europe the average American has no conception. Only recently I spoke to a highranking cabinet minister in a European democracy—a left-winger of a moderately rightist party—who sees in a parliamentary democracy a "medical problem," a perfectly irrational and nonsensical institution—except as it is a means of information and debate for the government.

For all their disgust and indignation at the parliamentary record it is idle to think that the French look forward to de Gaulle's semi-autocratic leadership. I doubt that his regime would bring about any restriction of intellectual liberty, so dear to the French. Among his political supporters we find too many intellectuals, such as Soustelle, Malraux, and others.

Although his rule would be, at least in some respects, authoritarian, it would never foster a totalitarianism of the Nazi variety. De Gaulle's regime probably would not mean the end of elections. Representation belongs to the essence of good government—which does not mean that one should vest the highest power in a thoroughly divided body lacking all stability, as a parliament in France is bound to be. De Gaulle's leadership might be beneficial for France, provided it would not encourage an (anti-European) narrow nationalism which exists in certain French circles claiming to be "rightist." Whatever the outcome, the crisis goes deep; and if this time parliamentarism survives to muddle through for some more weeks, months, or years, it will only mean an added lease of life for a body morally dead a long, long time ago . . . and a collapse amounting to an even greater tragedy than the one now in the offing.

The Meaning of a Certain Primary Vote

Captain Boycott lent his name,
And thus achieved enduring fame.
Oedipus was a mixed-up Rex,
It seems he had one problem—sex.
Simon sold a sacred article,
A quisling is the lowest particle.
Behold a new word's just been born!
The donor, though, is quite forlorn:—
The summit line?
It's stassenine!

JOHANNES EFF

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A Special Report

Shake Well Before Using

FRANK CHODOROV

A parcel of eminent economists, called into consultation by the Rockefeller Brothers Fund to diagnose the national ailment known as recession, came up with a prescription that, though slightly condensed, covered the better part of two pages in the *New York Times*. The prominence of these doctors makes it presumptuous for one who has not "majored" in economics to examine the ingredients of their curative concoction. Yet the fact is that all of us are economists by necessity, since all of us are engaged in making a living, which is what economics is all about. Any literate housewife, endowed with a modicum of common sense, should be able to evaluate the specifics in the prescription, provided these are extracted from the verbiage in which they are clothed.

First among these specifics is a tax reduction. How will this help the body economic? Well, it is a known fact that the amount of beans the home economist can obtain at the supermarket is in direct proportion to the takehome pay the breadwinner delivers to her. Beans have to be grown, which is the business of the farmer; prepared for consumption, which is the business of the processor; packed in tin cans, which are fabricated from ore dug out of the ground by miners; transported by railroads, after they have been put up in cases made of wood or corrugated cardboard; made easily obtainable by retailers. What she pays for the beans hires a lot of people who, in turn, spend their share of the price on things they want and thus keep other people in wages. A reduction in taxes is certainly a cure for whatever ails the national economy, and the larger the reduction the better will it thrive. The eminent economists should be commended for this common-sense recommendation.

One wonders why the RBF consultants did not stop there. Perhaps they thought this would be an oversimplification, something a learned specialist would not be caught dead with. So they proceeded to include a number of other specifics, all of which come under the head of government spending. Among other things, they advise the institution of a number of projects aimed to re-employ the unemployed. The question whether these workers would be producing goods or services people want and are willing to pay for is not considered. It is only important that they be kept busy and be paid for being busy. It is a certainty that idleness is not good for morale—although I know a lot of people who prefer leisure to activity—but there is some doubt whether building pyramids improves the economy. It does not increase the quantity of beans in the supermarket, the thing people want and work for.

A Riddle for Economists

At this point the amateur analyst begins to wonder. How can the government undertake make-work programs and at the same time reduce taxes? It is a well-known fact that the government hasn't a dime of its own, that what it spends it must take. Hence a reduction of taxes would automatically limit its make-work program. The learned doctors do not solve this riddle, but in some of the books which they either wrote or read, there is a theory that what the government spends (even wastes) stimulates the beans-business and thus keeps the economy going. The fact that the national supply of beans (consumable goods or services) is not increased by this distribution of money is not significant; distribution alone counts. This theory bothers the neophyte. If taking money from one set of pockets to put into another set is the way to improve the economy, then a country would be most prosperous if it were divided into two classes: one engaged in producing goods and the other in consuming those goods without earning them.

The anomaly, as far as the common-sense economist is concerned, is deepened by other ingredients in the prescription. These consist of federal aid to education, "liberalization" of the social security program (called insurance), aid to small business, increase of doles to the unemployed, more "free" medical care, and other "human welfare" products. Again, one is confronted with the problem of doing all these things in the face of a recommended tax reduction. Is there a Houdini in the house?

Since the government has a monopoly of the money-manufacturing business, perhaps the difficulty can be solved by simply starting the printing presses going. This the specialists are apparently opposed to; they abhor inflation. They do, however, recommend moves by the Federal Reserve Board to make money and credit more easily obtainable. The newspapers tell us that the banks are now full of money, thanks to reduced interest rates and the lowering of bank reserve requirements. Businessmen are not borrowing, despite the relative cheapness of money, because they have no need of it. They have no need of money because people are not buying; if they were, businessmen would gladly borrow the money for the additional plant equipment needed to produce beans. So that the way to get money into circulation is to permit the producing public to keep more of their output (tax reduction). Incidentally, since there is a limit to the amount of beans the people will consume, some of the increased take-home pay (from a tax reduction) would be put into banks, where it would become available to all the growers, processors and distributors of beans. That is, there would be money for capital expansion, which the doctors tell us is what the economy needs.

Talking about inflation, the Rockefellers seem to think that this is caused by avaricious manufacturers and unprincipled workers; they urge both groups to curb their appetites. However, neither capitalists nor labor unions can cause inflation. If a union raises its wage-rates above what the public is willing to pay, the leaders have simply priced their members out of jobs; if the manufacturer overprices his merchandise he might—

(*Continued on p. 551*)

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Universities or Matrimonial Bureaus?

This spring, much to the chagrin of the empire-builders at the University of Michigan (Ann Arbor) and Michigan State University (East Lansing), the Michigan legislature reduced the annual appropriations for these enormous institutions by about a million dollars apiece. This is a straw in the wind: state legislators are beginning to feel that the demands of state colleges for more and more money have come to resemble a racket. The state legislators are right.

From UM and MSU, of course, came anguished cries of "Whatever are we to do about the rising tide of enrollments?" Such was their agony that their administrators actually hinted they might be compelled, after this blow, to raise entrance-standards as a means of reducing costs. Wouldn't that be dreadful? No, frankly, it wouldn't. No single action could do more for decency in American education than some raising of entrance-standards.

What educationists call "the rising tide of enrollments" has been caused, to some extent, by the increase of population in the United States, and by the popular appetite for college degrees stimulated by the G.I. Bill. But nowadays this "rising tide," in considerable degree, is a fraud. It is the universities and colleges that deliberately create the tide. UM and MSU, for instance, compete intensely in the recruiting of freshmen: mailing thousands and thousands of expensive brochures, sending out their publicity people to every high school in the state, and inventing new curricula to attract those students who simply aren't interested in anything for the mind.

As an example of this last device, I give you an innovation at Michigan State. MSU now offers a "Curriculum in Food Distribution," granting BA and MA degrees. Chain grocery stores and wholesalers have given MSU some money for this boondoggle; but, as in all such schemes, in the long run most of the cost must be borne by the people of Michigan. Is your delivery-boy a master of arts in food distribution? No? Then you must be living in a horse-and-buggy town. My immediate point is this: most of the big state universities and colleges will sink to any abyss of fraudulent vocationalism in order to attract those young people who won't go to college if they're expected to do any thinking there.

That there is no real lack of room in our colleges for intelligent applicants was pointed out recently by the vice president of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Mr. John F. Morse. Not more than a few hundred even tolerably qualified applicants, in the entire United States, will fail to find places this year, he observes. "Most colleges in this country are still wondering how to fill to capacity their freshman classes."

Now it is true that some of the old or the big universities receive several times as many applications as they have places for freshmen. But this is merely because it has become fashionable for young people to apply for admission to a half-dozen universities or colleges, to be sure of getting in somewhere—and then to pick and choose as letters of acceptance reach them. When the whole shuffle is over in September—a shuffle extremely expensive to college administrations, incidentally, in waste of time and postage — just about everyone who ever dreamed of entering a college, no matter how wretchedly he may be prepared for the higher learning, has been accepted somewhere.

Many of the really good liberal-arts colleges experience difficulty in finding enough young people to fill up a freshman class of two hundred or less. The better a college is in its standards, indeed—unless it has an Ivy League snob-prestige—the more difficulty it has in attracting freshmen candidates. For most applicants display a positive aversion to the works of the mind. What they, and their parents, seek in a college is social adjustment, the snob-prestige of a degree, and promises (often delusory) of vocational training and advancement. But why should state funds be expended extravagantly to satisfy such appetites? The tuition paid at state institutions is only a fraction of the real cost of maintaining them; so you and I make up the deficit through taxation.

At a state college near my village, enrollments have increased tenfold during the past decade. (This formerly was a little business and technical college, privately controlled; then the state took the place under its grandiose wing.) One can become a bachelor of science in auto mechanics there, and many other interesting things. There are enormous new brick buildings to house the hundreds of married couples that have enrolled, and every apartment has a built-in dishwasher. As for the mind—well, there's one course in American government. That's the department of political science, the whole shebang.

With fond parents, the most popular feature of the state colleges is their matrimonial market—and very popular this is with the rising generation, too. You meet so many other wonderful young people, you know, and you can choose. (What may be less agreeable to parents, whether or not the wonderful young people find spouses it is simple for them to find what the late Alfred Kinsey delighted in calling "sexual partners"; a book could be written about the hoodlum-and-trull element attracted to our student bodies since World War II, a phenomenon of our times much resented, and commented upon, by the decent students.)

"I'm sure there couldn't be anything wrong with Michigan State University," a Michigan matron murmured after hearing a public address by your servant. "My daughter is having just a wonderful time there." No doubt. For those who like that sort of thing, as Lincoln said, that is the sort of thing they like. But when this carnival and this matrimonial bureau are paid for out of someone else's pocket . . .? The legislature of the State of Michigan is not made up of fools.

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The Burkean View of Politics

GERHART NIEMEYER

In the opening scene of Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex,* the people of ancient Thebes are seen in deep trouble. They are bereft of luck, beset by plagues, drifting from disaster to disaster. Knowing that man's existence is kept on an even keel by divine laws of being, they have their king inquire of God how and why the divine moral order has been disturbed. Our modern world, like that of Thebes, also is out of joint. Laws and social bonds are dissolving, men are stalked by insecurity, filled with deep anxieties, tossed around by demonic forces they cannot fathom.

In one respect, however, we are far worse off than the people of Thebes. We have become ignorant to the point of not even seeking knowledge about the root of our troubles at the divine source of order. Those few who would speak to us of a necessary attunement between human existence and the order of being cannot get their meaning across at all. If you ever witnessed the utter incomprehension with which modern-bred undergraduates first react to Burke, you would realize the extent of the modern commitment to the view that man and his pragmatic ends are both measure and master of the social order.

Two recent books try to interpret to modern ears this great teacher of what I should like to call the reverent view of politics, the view which sees politics essentially as participation in a transcending order of all life. C. B. Cone's *Burke and the Nature of Politics* (Kentucky University Press, $9.00) describes the life of Edmund Burke until the political triumph of his party in 1782; P. J. Stanlis' *Burke and the Natural Law* (Michigan University Press, $5.75) abstracts Burke's political philosophy from his writings. Both books are first-rate contributions to scholarship as well as to the development of a conservative position in our times.

Burke's life is as relevant as his teachings. Though above all a man of action, he never acted except on principle; and he wrote in the various situations of his career in order to clarify his principles. But he was a man, above all, of conservative *instincts.* He did not have to follow the textbook rule on how to be conservative—it was he who in modern politics *created* the conservative position.

I do not mean that he created conservative political *theory.* That theory already existed, in the form of the great classical political writings. What Burke did was to re-emphasize the truths which in three generations of Liberal illusion had been all but forgotten. Burke's ideas can all be found in Aristotle's *Politics,* Augustine's *City of God,* Thomas Aquinas' *Summa Theologica,* Cicero's *De Officiis.* He applied these classic teachings to contemporary problems, re-creating them as a man of action who had steeped himself in their spirit. The result was a body of concepts and principles which in turn stimulated the growth of a conservative school of thought in the nineteenth century.

BURKE'S main target of attack was the new ideology which now is known by the name of Liberalism. Its starting point was the idea that the political order is but a means to satisfy the pragmatic ends of the Individual. This idea in turn stemmed from a concept of human nature which visualized man as essentially independent, ungoverned, unsocial, and unlimited. Imagining man in this kind of totally free "state of nature," the Liberal thinkers speculated on the ends such "natural" individuals would want to attain. The ends of this abstract Individual, in turn, served as the yardstick for a plan of government worked out by mathematical methods from the original premise. Thus the political order was a contrivance set up to further the interests of an abstract Individual. Liberalism, on this showing, would incline to look upon growth in history as irrational, and to remake all societies in the image of its theoretical formula of man's ends and his political means.

Burke opposed to this ideology the old insight that man is essentially a "political animal." In other words, man's is not a nature that could or should be considered in isolation from society. For purposes of political theory, one must always think of men in the context of given societies, as they have developed in concrete places and at concrete times. Furthermore, since society is necessary for a complete human life, it is not merely a means to an end but rather a basic "partnership" into which man is born and which links him with both past and future generations. Society as a necessary dimension of a full human life, as a partnership transcending individual pragmatic ends, must be approached with reverence rather than with the calculating wilfulness with which one looks upon tools.

From this idea flows Burke's characteristic respect for whatever social entities have attained standing in history, entities which have shaped and ruled human natures for successive generations. The total order and the various parts of such societies must not be tampered with lightly, their rights must not be brushed aside, their defects must be approached "like the wounds of a father." For whosoever looks upon societies as if they were the natural property of political planners will end up by destroying, not merely a society's im-

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perfections, but also the human natures that feed on its traditions.

With this controversy about human nature went another about natural law. The Liberals believed above all in "natural rights"—claims made by the separate Individual upon the State, his servant. The natural rights idea was the source of the basic discontent and disorder characterizing modern civilization in the West. It focused man's attention on the satisfaction of his will by society, rather than upon the order enabling men to live together peacefully and rationally. In opposition to "natural rights," Burke stressed the traditional concept of "natural law."

The chief difference between these concepts is the awareness that there *is* an *order of being* governing man's moral and thus his political decisions. The central idea of the natural law position is that the Creation is not merely a physical but also a moral order, and that this order can be known. Human laws and politics thus are valid only as they reflect the transcending order of being. The natural law, however, was in Burke's mind a basic orientation, not a set of rigid rules. For the connection between living man and the eternal order had to be made in the setting of concrete circumstances, of which the traditions of society were the most important. Hence to Burke natural law would never be a demand for abstract perfection but rather an obligation of man to participate, with the whole of his given social existence, in the timeless moral truth of all being.

The third quarrel between Burke and the Liberals concerned the idea of reason. The Liberals believed that rationality is tantamount to logical, mathematical speculation about the State and its purposes. Burke felt that man's rationality is not represented by verbalized logic, but is embodied in a rich web of history and society, a web containing, besides deliberate rules, also *mores*, traditions, prejudices, memories, monuments, altars, and hierarchies. No single mind, he taught, could fully unravel in discursive thought the skein of social rationality. Hence the "corporate wisdom" of generations far surpasses the reason of any given person or generation. Social order is essentially beyond the planning capacity of any ruler. The chief virtue in politics, therefore, is prudence. Even where a clear title of right conveys far-reaching powers, prudence calls the bearer of the right not to use it without forbearance, lest he disrupt the intangible and often unrealized bonds which sustain man's will-to-community.

Nevertheless, Burke was certainly not opposed to change. He demanded change, but change undertaken in a spirit of humility, for men are stewards of an order bigger than they; reverence, for men are subject to a higher law of nature; respect, for men are vested with time-honored rights.

Poland: Study in Coexistence

M. STANTON EVANS

THE TREATMENT accorded Poland by the world's great powers since 1939 has been an almost flawless skein of infamy. If only by virtue of the dramatic unity with which it unfolded, the Polish agony stands foremost as an example of how Soviet treachery, born of imperialistic design, and Western treachery, born of fear, have conspired to produce the enslavement of half the world and may yet do likewise for the rest of it. In examining Poland's case, we may indeed find the very "patterns" of Western diplomacy—that is, a prototype of the moral stupefaction and the paralysis of will which have distinguished Anglo-American dealings with the Soviet Union.

Such is the lesson conveyed by Dr. Edward Rozek in his scholarly, massively documented history, *Allied Wartime Diplomacy: A Pattern in Poland* (Wiley, $6.95). Poland's years of suffering have been told, in their main outline, a number of times. Memoirs by participants (Premier Mikolajczyk, Ambassador Ciechanowski) and first-hand observers (Ambassador Lane), as well as "revisionist" historical surveys (*e.g.*, Chamberlin's *America's Second Crusade*) have given the story in variously abbreviated forms. But it has remained for Dr. Rozek, a Polish expatriate now teaching at the University of Colorado, to set the story forward in the plenitude of its elements: deceit, cowardice, frustration, heroism. For the first time we have as a matter of cold record what appeared in the books of Ciechanowski, Mikolajczyk and Lane with only partial documentation or as fugitive recollection. Rozek's painstaking chronicle makes the case with a finality that admits neither denial nor extenuation.

Poland's story is important for symbolic as well as historical reasons. If the Polish ordeal, as Mikolajczyk wrote, "began as long ago as August 23, 1939, with the stroke of the pen that signed the German-Russian nonaggression pact," the world's ordeal, with equal justice, may be said to have begun two days later, when Great Britain signed its mutual assistance treaty with Poland, thus insuring British involvement in a shooting war with Hitler—only a week distant. Whether this British guarantee of Polish territory was in fact wise is a question that properly belongs to another branch of revisionism; suffice it to say that the nation thus assuming stewardship of Polish soil, and whose leader was an author of the Atlantic Charter, was the same nation that used every means it could command to make Free Poland kneel in submission to the Soviet knout. The only similarity between the two actions was that they were both to the advantage of the USSR.

Dr. Rozek traces, with scholarly patience, the steps connecting these incompatible objectives of British (and subsequently American) policy. Included in his account are transcripts, often given in full, of secret conferences of the London government-in-exile with the Allied leaders and with the Lublin quislings. (Churchill in particular, complaining that "Great Britain is powerless toward Russia," comes off very badly.) Rozek makes expert use of previously published books on his subject, as well as most standard World War II references and the state papers of the Free Polish government.

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He also draws abundantly on the private files of Premier Mikolajczyk, with whom he worked closely in preparing his manuscript.

From the British guarantee and Hitler's September 1 onslaught, Dr. Rozek takes us forward to the Soviet invasion of Poland, the two-year Nazi-Soviet condominium there, and Germany's renewed eastward thrust of 1941. The German attack dictated a makeshift truce between the Soviet Union and its victim, beginning the ill-fated attempt of the London Poles to "coexist" with Moscow. The alliance, in spite of (and in part because of) Premier Sikorski's best efforts at conciliation, worked solely to the benefit of the Soviets, who began violating its terms almost immediately with their refusal to release Polish citizens held prisoners in Communist slave camps. Polish requests for an investigation of the Katyn massacre, in which the Soviets had slaughtered 15,000 Poles, gave the Kremlin a pretext for breaking diplomatic relations and conferring recognition on its stooge, the Lublin Committee—which proved more congenial to Soviet claims to half of Poland's pre-1939 territory.

The darkest episode in this history of betrayal was the Warsaw uprising of August and September 1944. Dr. Rozek gives the full text of the Moscow broadcast, coinciding with the approach of the Red Army to the outskirts of Warsaw, which informed the people of the city that "the hour for action has now arrived," and incited them to rise against their German captors. Also given are the transcripts of Mikolajczyk's pleadings with Stalin to aid the Poles when they responded to these exhortations, and to move the Red Army forward from its bivouac outside the tormented capital. Rozek presents a detailed account of Roosevelt's and Churchill's refusal to help Warsaw in its struggle (against Germans, not Russians) for fear of offending Stalin, who wanted to make sure that all Free Polish leadership was crushed before his troops took over from the Nazis. Not until the autumn of 1956 would the leaders of "the free world" find so dramatic an occasion for debasing themselves.

Of the many additional sidelights to the Polish story which Dr. Rozek has to offer, two seem worthy of special emphasis: 1) his observation of the curious subservience of the Western press to the aims of its governments, particularly when these are beneficial to Communism ("The Poles" Rozek dryly comments, "with their 'undemocratic' past, marveled at the strange unison between the official positions of Britain and the United States and the view of their free presses"); 2) his repeated demonstrations, from the record, that the way to achieve desirable results in dealing with the Soviets is not to demonstrate "sincerity" or "good intentions," but to demonstrate strength. Both are lessons we may find useful in assessing the current campaign on behalf of "Summit" conferences and nuclear disarmament.

Movies

The Image of Billy the Kid

ROBERT PHELPS

The Left-Handed Gun, currently calling a fast draw in the nation's second-run movie houses, is a cinematic sarcoma so full of symptomatic interest for anyone curious about, say, America, mythology, sex, emblematic character, acting, Hollywood, etc., that if I were teaching a course called "Who Are We?" I think I'd have it run for the class and then use it as a take-off point for a whole semester. At the very least, I unfrivolously suggest that whoever is planning the time capsule to be sealed into the cornerstone of the next Madison Avenue skyscraper, should consider including a print of its eighty minutes. My old hero, Buck Rogers, could learn a lot about us if he were to look at it in the twenty-fifth century.

Based on a television script by Gore Vidal, it has to do with the last year or two in the life of Billy the Kid, easily the hottest national myth we have; and is concerned not so much with Billy's adventures as with his character—the mixture of larky charm, boyish innocence, homoerotic aplomb and cold brutality which made it possible for him, at twenty, to gun down the four men who had ambushed his best friend, and at the same time to keep half the population of Lincoln County, including Governor Lew Wallace, fascinated by him. The night I saw it, everyone else in my party went out for coffee when it was half over, and indignantly berated me for staying on. *Time* magazine agreed with them. But my instincts warn me that I'll probably see it again, for in spite of its faults, I am still thinking about it.

As a movie, it is an odd fish: pretentious, confused, occasionally ingenious, and once or twice clumsily weird. Upon the story of Billy himself—heroic, ambiguous, maverick—a sizeable cast has imposed the acting technique developed for the Broadway stage by Stella Adler and successfully imported into Hollywood by the generation of Marlon Brando. This amounts to a stylized naturalism (the drip from the kitchen tap, as it were, caught by a split-second lens shutter and frozen into a grotesque little shape for its own sake). It is useful for the stage, where there are no close-ups, but without an actor of Brando's subtlety and personal magnetism, it can become absurd, even fulsome, on the screen.

Paul Newman, who for some time has replaced the late James Dean as Brando's most ambitious mimic, uses it to turn poor Billy into, at best, a stage-struck ape. His moments of horseplay are the best (for instance, a scene in which Billy has a fight with flour sacks and ends up looking like Pierrot). His darker moods are just embarrassing, and the rest of the cast observes the same excesses—gunshot victims ritually taking minutes to bite the dust with every one of their agonized teeth. The whole show only reveals how thoroughly Hollywood has been middlebrow-beaten by Broadway since the war. It is a little like hearing a cowboy ballad condescendingly played by a symphony orchestra in an arrangement by someone who once studied with Hindemith.

But the subject—Billy himself—makes the movie nevertheless worth

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seeing. Almost all American heroes (though no European ones) could summon up their past with the opening line from James Agee's *A Death in the Family*: "In the time that I lived so successfully disguised as a child." The secret of Billy is that he, too, is young, not only in years, but in psychology. Like Huck Finn and Melville's sailors, like Nick Adams or even Gatsby, he can look like a man and act like a man, but actually his manhood has yet to be created within him. This is at once the basis of his universal appeal and the source of his maverick aloneness.

Now I doubt if it is an accident that over and over, in the past dozen years since the war, the image of this same impulsive, inarticulate, manly-seeming, yet urgently uncertain boy has been haunting the movies. He was first crystallized in Brando's Stanley Kowalski, and a little later in *The Wild One*. Since then a dozen other actors have moved in, but the image has remained the same: an impetuous, ingenuous boy, possessed of all the traditional Old Adam in appearance and behavior, yet inside deeply abashed, adrift, alone, uneasy: the Wild One who shyly brings back his stolen trophy to the girl who may somehow help him to become a real man. At the end of *The Left-Handed Gun*, a baffled Billy comes back to the Mexican girl who once, briefly, tried to make a man of him, but who now only shows him the door, contemptuously, and lets him back out into his own death by ambush.

Somewhere in this image, which we watch obsessively, a truth seems to be waiting. Billy's immaturity, his aggression and insecurity, are very familiar, very much around us in America today. And isn't the American male chiefly distinguished from all his contemporaries by just this lack of confidence in his manliness? All his current problems, from mother-fixations to sexual aberration to heart attacks at forty, aren't they symptoms of this same sickness? Or is sickness too harsh, too imprecise? I only know that the night I saw *The Left-Handed Gun*, a line from Eliot's *East Coker* came into my head and teased me all the way home:

"To be restored, our sickness must grow worse."

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE YOUNG CAESAR, by Rex Warner (Atlantic-Little Brown, $4.75). This novel is in the form of an autobiography supposedly written by Caesar on the eve of the Ides of March. Mr. Warner has read the sources carefully and even incorporates recognizable paraphrases from them in his text. Whether he understood the sources is another matter, for he nowhere tells what he is trying to do. If he is trying to portray the true character of the ruthless genius who assassinated the Roman Republic, Mr. Warner's mind is hopelessly sophomoric. But if he is trying to produce a document that might have been concocted and circulated as boob-bait by Caesar's partisans, he writes with commendable skill. Caesar, as we see from his *Bellum Civile*, would have been far more subtle, but the anonymous lieutenant who wrote the *Bellum Africanum* could have produced just such a document as this. And Rome's "Liberals," who were no less gullible than our own, would have believed every word of it!

R. P. OLIVER

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL, by Humphrey Slater and Correllit Barnett (British Book Centre, $5.25). An amusingly written and amazingly comprehensible account of man's attempt to bridge the Channel since Albert Mathieu interested Napoleon Bonaparte in his tunnel idea in 1802. The earlier proposals were on the fanciful side. But by 1875 geological knowledge and engineering techniques had so advanced (this was the era of the Suez Canal and the Simplon Tunnel) that England and France signed a treaty and authorized two companies to start work on parallel railway tunnels. Test shafts had actually been bored when British military men headed by General Sir Garnet Wolseley (the man who got to Khartoum too late to save Gordon) raised such a hue and cry that the Gladstone government withdrew its authorization. Sir Garnet conjured up a nightmare vision of French soldiers disguised as tourists—or worse yet, as nuns—pouring through the Channel tunnel with sabers drawn! An off-beat book, but interesting since Albert Mathieu's dream may well be realized in the next decade.

P. L. BUCKLEY

TWO WOMEN, by Alberto Moravia (Farrar, $4.95). When Allied planes began bombing Rome, Cesira asked "What more is going to happen?" Moravia tells us quite movingly how his heroine and her daughter flee with faith in their God and 100,000 lire. Presently neither is worth much to these innocent women cast among thieves making the most of *things*. "In this war everybody's lost something," comforted Concetta the Robber Queen who would school Cesira for plunder. But Cesira learns only that there are some things—like human souls—even paupers cannot afford to lose in a wartime black market, where inflated currency and evil cause all *goods* to go at a premium.

J. L. WEIL

CATS CATS CATS CATS CATS, by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers and Bill Sokol (Pantheon, $2.95). I like cats; and I detest most books about them. But this handsome collection of drawings and verse is the best thing on cats since Mr. Eliot's *Book of Practical Cats*.

F. S. MEYER

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To the Editor

AAUP X 3 = ?

In an editorial in the issue of NATIONAL REVIEW for May 17, you state that "the AAUP, far from being what it pretends to be, is merely an Association of 10,000 university professors." I beg to report that on January 1, 1958, the American Association of University Professors had 37,363 members. The rest of the editorial in question is as inaccurate as the passage I have quoted.

ROBERT K. CARR, General Secretary
American Association of
University Professors
Washington, D.C.

The figure 10,000 was taken from the New York Times. *In behalf of the* Times, *we apologize for the inaccuracy. As for the balance of the editorial, it is inaccurate to the extent that the generalization is inaccurate that the AAUP devotes more of its time to defending professors who take the Fifth Amendment than to criticizing them. That is, not inaccurate at all.* ED.

1. Mr. Schlesinger Objects

I wish Mr. William F. Buckley Jr. would take a look at the facts of the Sacco-Vanzetti case ["The Ivory Tower," April 5] instead of accepting other people's statements as to what the facts were. If he would bother to do this, he would discover that the notion that the bullets in Sacco's pistol uniquely and infallibly matched the bullets in the dead man's body is sheer myth.

In the trial, Captain Proctor, a police ballistics expert, would go no farther than to say of the death bullet: "My opinion is that it is consistent with being fired by that [Sacco's] pistol." In a subsequent affidavit, Proctor stated: "At no time was I able to find any evidence whatever which tended to convince me that the particular model bullet found in Berardelli's body, which came from a Colt Automatic pistol, which I think was numbered 3 and had some other exhibit number, came from Sacco's pistol, and I so informed the District Attorney and his assistant before the trial." Having been so warned, the District Attorney did not ask Proctor whether he had found any evidence that the fatal bullet was fired from Sacco's pistol. "I had repeatedly told him that if he did I should be obliged to answer in the negative."

Edmund M. Morgan, Professor of Evidence at the Harvard Law School, summed up the testimony given by the two police ballistics experts concerning Sacco's pistol as follows: "Had Captain Proctor and Van Amburgh constituted the jury with the data then in their possession and with the state of mind disclosed in the record, they must have returned a verdict for the defendants upon this issue."

In view of these facts, McGeorge Bundy's statement to Robert H. Montgomery that the evidence on guns and bullets "is far more complex than your summary of it" is, if anything, a vast understatement.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.
Cambridge, Mass.

2. Mr. Montgomery Comments

The obsolete bullet evidence came into the trial through the defendants' expert, James M. Burns. It is stated in the report of the Governor's Advisory Committee as follows: "The fatal bullet found in Berardelli's body was of a type no longer manufactured and so obsolete that the defendants' expert witness, Burns, testified that, with the help of two assistants, he was unable to find such bullets for purposes of experimentation; and yet the same obsolete type of cartridge was found in Sacco's pockets on his arrest. . . . Such a coincidence of the fatal bullet and those found on Sacco would, if accidental, certainly be extraordinary."

Years after the trial the surviving jurors were interviewed and all of them said that in their minds this was the single most damning piece of evidence.

The defense did not deny nor explain the coincidence. Six years after the trial they were driven to the desperate course of claiming that the fatal bullet shown at the trial as the one taken from Berardelli's body and which caused his death was not genuine and that the police had substituted it for another in order by a false exhibit to convict Sacco and Vanzetti; but no evidence for this suspicion was ever produced.

The testimony of Proctor and Van Amburgh was directed to another question and that was whether the fatal bullet had been *fired* from Sacco's pistol.

But all this is beside the point. Schlesinger's account of the arrest was untruthful because he linked it to a non-existent bundle of literature and omitted to say that when arrested Sacco had on his person a fully loaded pistol and 23 extra bullets and Vanzetti had on his person a fully loaded .38 caliber revolver and four shotgun shells.

Boston, Mass. ROBERT H. MONTGOMERY

Praise—By Faint Criticism

You are the most opinionated group of writers I've ever read on topics of current interest. The firmness of your convictions is what makes your magazine such excellent and enjoyable reading. Even a reader with . . . a decided bias left of center finds your articles most stimulating.

REV. EDWARD J. BENEDICT
New London, Conn.

The Soviet Price System, II

In a letter commenting on my recent article, "The Soviet Price System" [May 10], James Burnham expresses the view that the article incorrectly refers to Marx as believing that "the entire value of the product should go to the laborer." He cites *Critique of the Gotha Program* as evidence that Marx did not hold this belief.

I agree with Mr. Burnham that my statement is not in accord with what Marx said in the *Critique,* but I also believe that the *Critique* and *Capital* are inconsistent on this point, and that my statement correctly states Marx' position as he developed it in the latter work.

In *Capital,* Marx says that the product of a particular laborer, in a capitalistic society, is the new value which his labor adds to the materials

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of production as they pass through his hands. But this product, *i.e.*, this new or additional value, is more than the wage paid to the laborer. The excess of this new value above the wage is surplus-value, and it goes to the capitalist (*Capital,* Kerr ed., I, 210-234). Surplus-value thus becomes the source of profit, interest, and rent. But surplus-value is an exploitation of the laborer. "The rate of surplus-value is therefore an exact expression for the degree of exploitation of labor-power by capital, or of the laborer by the capitalist" (Ibid, I, 241). This concept of surplus-value as exploitation of the laborer is the foundation of the whole argument of *Capital* for the abolition of capitalism.

But when he came to write his *Critique of the Gotha Program,* Marx seems to have forgotten all about surplus-value. He appears to be almost gleeful as he points out (in criticism of some statements by other Socialists) how many items are going to be deducted from the "total social product" of the Communist society before anything can be distributed for consumption. There are to be deductions for capital creation, insurance against calamities, general costs of administration not connected with production, public services, and poor relief. Going further, he uttered his famous dictum that in the ultimate communistic society consumption (and therefore presumably wages) would not be based on production at all but on need. ". . . to each according to his needs" (*Critique,* Int'l Pub's. ed., 10).

No matter how these statements be construed, they cannot be reconciled with the idea of surplus-value as exploitation. If surplus-value in capitalism is wrong, because it takes from the laborer part of his product, then Communist deductions must be wrong, because they have the same effect. And if it be said, as Marx did say in the *Critique,* that the Communist deductions directly or indirectly benefit the individual, so the same thing can be said of surplus-value.

Alerted by Mr. Burnham—and I thank him for the alert—I think I could improve the few sentences on Marx in my article. But I believe the sentences as they stand fairly state Marx' position as he developed it in *Capital,* his life work.

Chicago, Ill. ROBERT V. JONES

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FRANK CHODOROV

(*Continued from p. 544*)

assuming a competitive situation—be compelled to eat it. The price level is always determined by the market.

The market, however, cannot compel inflation. For inflation is simply an increase in the amount of money (specie or credit) competing for a given amount of goods or services, and so long as this volume of purchasing power exists there is no way of reducing the price level. And nobody (except the counterfeiter) can increase the amount of money in circulation except the government (the only licensed counterfeiter). Perhaps the fact that prices have been held up despite the recession—which did not happen in previous depressions—can be accounted for by the inflationary practices of the government during the past two decades; there is too much money around to permit prices to fall.

It is possible, though they do not say so, that the doctors contemplate the absorption by the government of the vast amount of money now in the banks. If their recommendations for an increase of government spending and a considerable reduction of taxes are both followed, the government will have to resort to borrowing. As everybody should know by this time, the bonds issued by the government for its borrowings have the effect of money; they increase purchasing power. This will hoist prices or (the same thing), reduce real wages. How will this cure the recession?

Taken as a whole, the eminent economists have come up with a middle-of-the-road prescription: a little dose of freedom and a big dose of intervention. Why not, for once, try a good swallow of freedom? That is, why not try a big cut in taxation and a bigger cut in government spending?

It would work.

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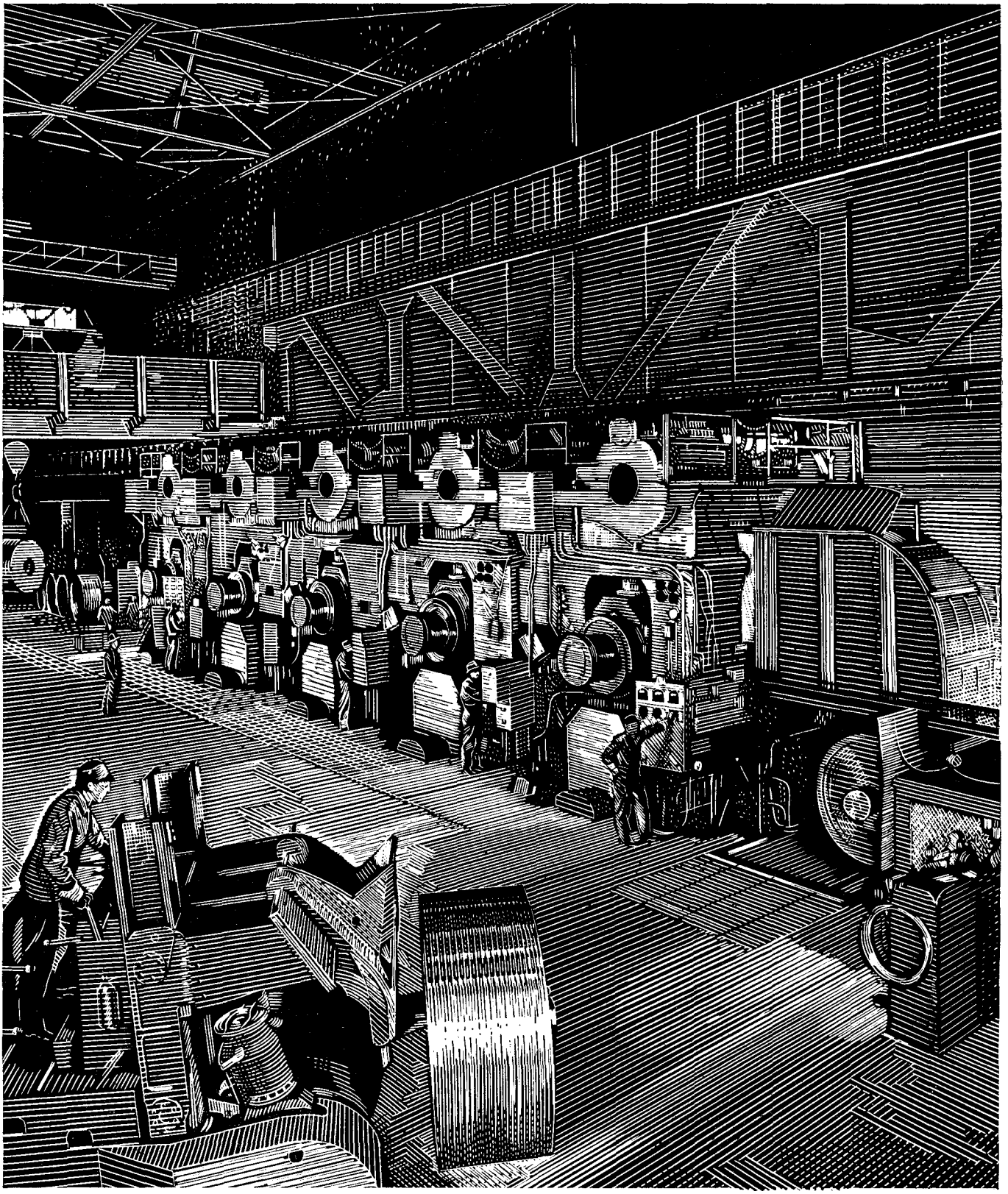

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